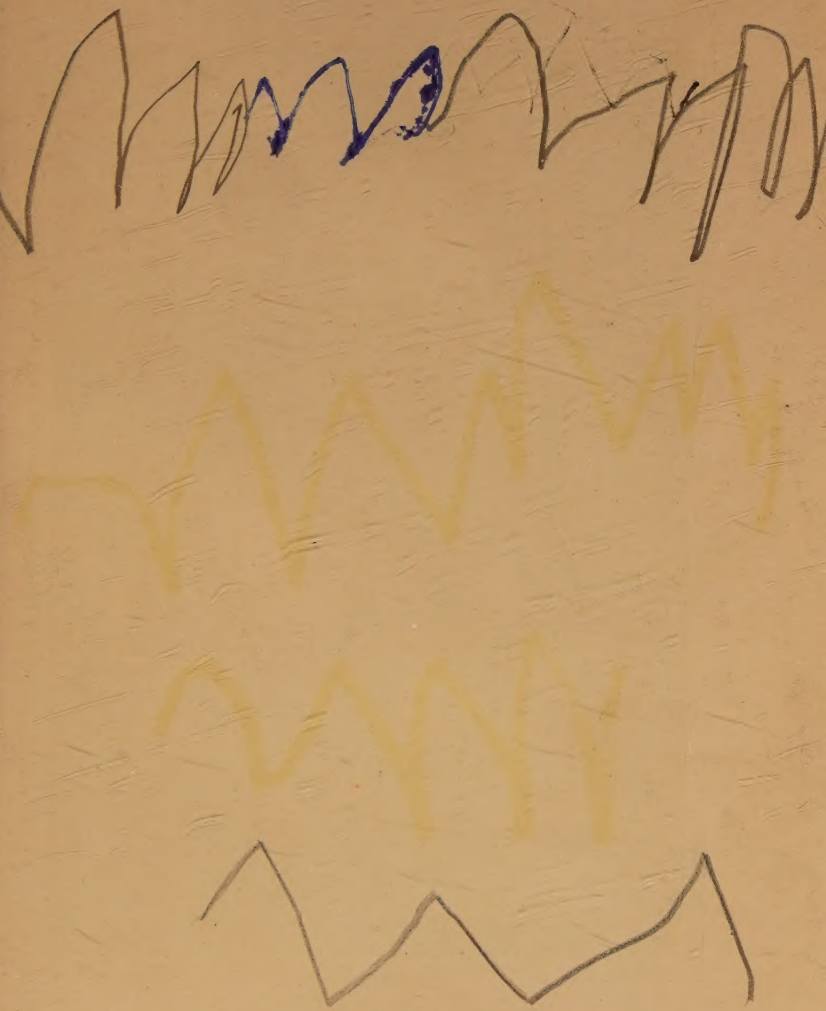
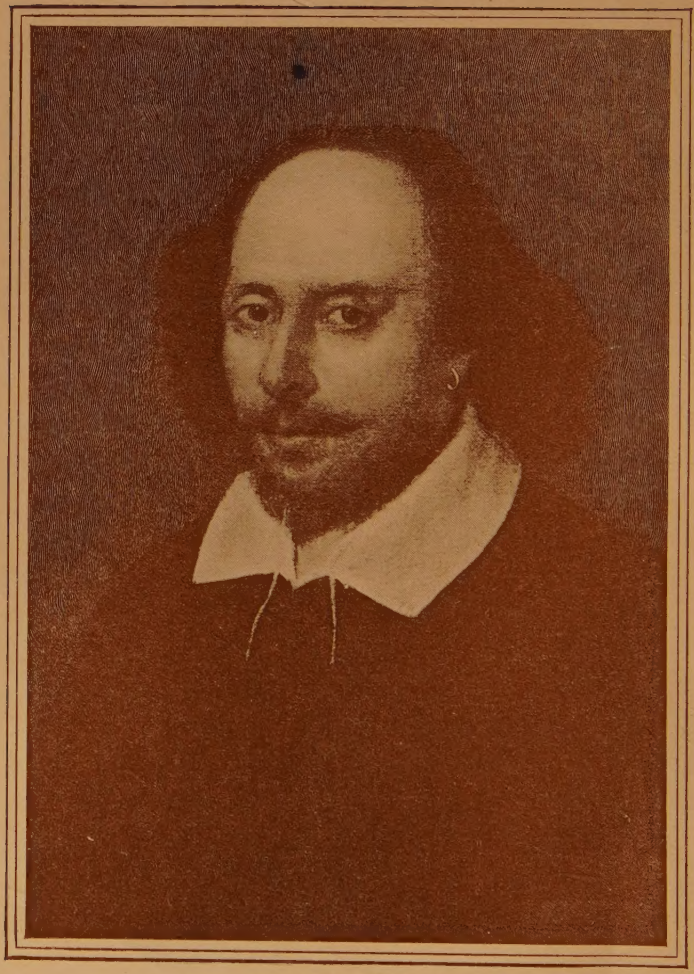
Shakespeare Calendar

A SHAKESPEARE CALENDAR





WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
From the Chandos Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, England

A SHAKESPEARE CALENDAR

EDITED BY

AGNES CALDWELL WAY

Like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Troilus and Cressida, IV. v.

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JANUARY

JANUARY FIRST

GOD send every one their heart's desire!

Much Ado About Nothing, III. iv.

The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you!

Timon of Athens, I. ii.

JANUARY SECOND

There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.

Second Part King Henry IV, III. i.

JANUARY THIRD

All with one consent praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object.

Troilus and Cressida, III. iii.

JANUARY FOURTH

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them.

All's Well That Ends Well, v. iii.

JANUARY FIFTH

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
  As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
  As friend remember'd not.

As You Like It, ii. vii.

JANUARY SIXTH

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Merchant of Venice, i. i.

JANUARY SEVENTH

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Taming of the Shrew, IND. ii.

JANUARY EIGHTH

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it doth singe yourself; we may outrun
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it?

King Henry VIII, I. i.

JANUARY NINTH

He that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

King John, III. iv.

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

Troilus and Cressida, III. iii.

JANUARY TENTH

Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

Troilus and Cressida, I. ii.

JANUARY ELEVENTH

Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than
he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men
say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in
the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a
day?

Comedy of Errors, IV. ii.

JANUARY TWELFTH

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth
love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Antony and Cleopatra, I. iv.

JANUARY THIRTEENTH

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit;
To-who, a merry note.

Love's Labour's Lost, v. ii.

JANUARY FOURTEENTH

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity.

Coriolanus, IV. iv.

JANUARY FIFTEENTH

Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Troilus and Cressida, I. ii.

JANUARY SIXTEENTH

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see. *Twelfth Night*, I. i.

Did you ne'er hear say
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Romeo and Juliet, II. iv.

JANUARY SEVENTEENTH

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i.

JANUARY EIGHTEENTH

She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested.

Othello, II. iii.

JANUARY NINETEENTH

Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

King Richard III, III. v.

JANUARY TWENTIETH

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself.

Antony and Cleopatra, I. ii.

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST

'Tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Second Part King Henry VI, II. i.

JANUARY TWENTY-SECOND

Where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fires grow great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Taming of the Shrew, II. i.

JANUARY TWENTY-THIRD

If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

Winter's Tale, III. ii.

JANUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

Yet I do fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

Macbeth, I. v.

JANUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependents
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Timon of Athens, I. i.

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefs
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

King Richard II, v. i.

JANUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.

Midsummer Night's Dream, I. i.

JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

King Richard III, v. iii.

JANUARY TWENTY-NINTH

Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Troilus and Cressida, v. iii.

He shall have a noble memory.

Coriolanus, v. vi.

JANUARY THIRTIETH

I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,

Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.

First Part King Henry IV, III. ii.

JANUARY THIRTY-FIRST

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, III. i.

FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY FIRST

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us 't were all alike
As if we had them not.

Measure for Measure, I. i.

FEBRUARY SECOND

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.

First Part King Henry VI, III. iii.

What cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

Third Part King Henry VI, V. iv.

FEBRUARY THIRD

If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still

Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering. *King Henry VIII*, III. ii.

FEBRUARY FOURTH

Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee: and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentlemen,
Prosperity be thy page! *Coriolanus*, I. v.

FEBRUARY FIFTH

He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise. *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii.

FEBRUARY SIXTH

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Third Part King Henry VI, IV. vii.

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.

Othello, II. iii.

FEBRUARY SEVENTH

'Tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Merry Wives of Windsor, II. ii.

FEBRUARY EIGHTH

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds.

Antony and Cleopatra, III. xiii.

The heavens rain odours on you!

Twelfth Night, III. i.

FEBRUARY NINTH

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.

Hamlet, I. iii.

FEBRUARY TENTH

(From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean
fire.) . . .
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Love's Labour's Lost, IV. iii.

FEBRUARY ELEVENTH

It oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Measure for Measure, II. iv.

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Titus Andronicus, I. i.

For my country I have shed my blood.

Coriolanus, III. i.

FEBRUARY THIRTEENTH

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine.

Hamlet, IV. v.

FEBRUARY FOURTEENTH

Hit with Cupid's archery.

Midsummer Night's Dream, III. ii.

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

Hamlet, II. ii.

FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

King Henry VIII, I. iii.

FEBRUARY SIXTEENTH

He cannot flatter, he
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness,
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

King Lear, II. ii.

FEBRUARY SEVENTEENTH

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

King Henry V, III. vi.

The better part of valour is discretion.

First Part King Henry IV, V. iv.

FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH

Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?

Measure for Measure, II. ii.

FEBRUARY NINETEENTH

Miracles are ceas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

King Henry V, I. i.

FEBRUARY TWENTIETH

Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm?

King Richard III, I. iii.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIRST

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish;
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo and Juliet, I. ii.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

A braver soldier never couchèd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

First Part King Henry VI, III. ii.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-THIRD

O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

Cymbeline, III. iii.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FOURTH

As the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Winter's Tale, IV. iv.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH

I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

King Henry V, IV. iii.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.

King Richard III, II. iii.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty.

Third Part King Henry VI, III. ii.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending.

Much Ado About Nothing, II. iii.

MARCH

MARCH FIRST

WINTER 'S not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

King Lear, II. iv.

For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below.

Pericles, II.

MARCH SECOND

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Titus Andronicus, II. iv.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macbeth, IV. iii.

MARCH THIRD

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

Measure for Measure, I. iv.

MARCH FOURTH

Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath.

Taming of the Shrew, IND. ii.

MARCH FIFTH

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Second Part King Henry VI, III. i.

MARCH SIXTH

Thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Twelfth Night, I. v.

What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee.

Merry Wives of Windsor, III. iii.

MARCH SEVENTH

Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace

For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible.

Pericles, v. i.

MARCH EIGHTH

In an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frost will bite them.

Second Part King Henry IV, i. iii.

MARCH NINTH

Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Merchant of Venice, ii. vi.

MARCH TENTH

They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.

Merry Wives of Windsor, v. i.

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends.

As You Like It, iii. ii.

MARCH ELEVENTH

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Antony and Cleopatra, II. v.

MARCH TWELFTH

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Cymbeline, III. iv.

MARCH THIRTEENTH

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

King Richard III, III. iv.

MARCH FOURTEENTH

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Taming of the Shrew, V. ii.

MARCH FIFTEENTH

To say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.

Midsummer Night's Dream, III. i.

MARCH SIXTEENTH

Possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath; imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself...
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry "No recovery."

Troilus and Cressida, II. iii.

MARCH SEVENTEENTH

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 't is not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Othello, I. i.

MARCH EIGHTEENTH

Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Winter's Tale, IV. iv.

MARCH NINETEENTH

For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for . . .
To me can life be no commodity.

Winter's Tale, III. ii.

MARCH TWENTIETH

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

Midsummer Night's Dream, II. i.

MARCH TWENTY-FIRST

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!

King Lear, III. ii.

The ides of March are come.

Julius Cæsar, III. i.

MARCH TWENTY-SECOND

See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

Pericles, I. i.

MARCH TWENTY-THIRD

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, III. i.

MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH

Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happiness and prime can happy call.

All's Well That Ends Well, II. i.

MARCH TWENTY-FIFTH

. . . Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength: . . . bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!

Winter's Tale, IV. iv.

MARCH TWENTY-SIXTH

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low names
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

King Richard III, I. iv.

MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH

Such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.

Twelfth Night, II. iv.

MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH

Men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

King Henry VIII, V. iii.

MARCH TWENTY-NINTH

Things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs.

Troilus and Cressida, III. iii.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

As You Like It, I. iii.

MARCH THIRTIETH

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

Julius Cæsar, I. iii.

MARCH THIRTY-FIRST

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

. . . . . .

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

First Part King Henry VI, V. v.

APRIL

APRIL FIRST

WELL-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads.

Romeo and Juliet, I. ii.

Make a fool of him.

Twelfth Night, II. iii.

APRIL SECOND

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

Second Part King Henry VI, III. i.

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.

Sonnet xcviii.

APRIL THIRD

There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

King John, III. iv.

APRIL FOURTH

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven; the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

All's Well That Ends Well, I. i.

APRIL FIFTH

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise.

Measure for Measure, II. ii.

APRIL SIXTH

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

Julius Cæsar, III. i.

APRIL SEVENTH

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
  And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
  And leave thee in the storm.

King Lear, II. iv.

APRIL EIGHTH

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food:
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach: such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

Second Part King Henry IV, IV. iv.

APRIL NINTH

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

King Richard II, I. i.

APRIL TENTH

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Troilus and Cressida, IV. iv.

APRIL ELEVENTH

For the rain it raineth every day.

Twelfth Night, V. i.

Sunshine and rain at once.

King Lear, IV. iii.

APRIL TWELFTH

Though the chameleon Love can feed on the air,
I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. i.

APRIL THIRTEENTH

They that touch pitch will be defiled.

Much Ado About Nothing, III. iii.

And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

Julius Cæsar, IV. i.

APRIL FOURTEENTH

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen; my crown is call'd content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Third Part King Henry VI, III. i.

APRIL FIFTEENTH

Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating.

Coriolanus, IV. i.

APRIL SIXTEENTH

Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

Measure for Measure, II. ii.

APRIL SEVENTEENTH

This day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground.

King John, II. i.

APRIL EIGHTEENTH

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
. . . And the creature run from the cur? There,
thou might'st behold the great image of authority.
A dog's obeyed in office.

King Lear, IV. vi.

APRIL NINETEENTH

All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents . . .
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.

Cymbeline, IV. ii.

APRIL TWENTIETH

To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. *Macbeth*, I. v.

APRIL TWENTY-FIRST

There's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand. *Second Part King Henry VI*, IV. ii.

I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit.
Second Part King Henry VI, I. iv.

APRIL TWENTY-SECOND

'T is the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard; and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. *Hamlet*, III. iv.

APRIL TWENTY-THIRD

Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
Sonnet lv.

APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH

To wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Love's Labour's Lost, v. ii.

APRIL TWENTY-FIFTH

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand.

Merchant of Venice, II. ix.

Welcome these pleasant days!

Second Part King Henry IV, v. iii.

APRIL TWENTY-SIXTH

I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.

King John, II. i.

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH

His goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars.

Antony and Cleopatra, I. i.

APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH

O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

First Part King Henry IV, III. i.

APRIL TWENTY-NINTH

To expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.

Hamlet, II. ii.

APRIL THIRTIETH

'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety.

Macbeth, III. i.

MAY

MAY FIRST

VIRTUE he had, deserving to command;
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
...his deeds exceed all speech;
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

First Part King Henry VI, I. i.

MAY SECOND

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, . . .
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Othello, III. iii.

MAY THIRD

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

King Lear, V. iii.

Sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Midsummer Night's Dream, II. ii.

MAY FOURTH

So may the outward shows be least themselves;
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?

Merchant of Venice, III. ii.

MAY FIFTH

Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage? *Macbeth*, I. vii.

MAY SIXTH

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.

Sonnet xviii.

MAY SEVENTH

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

 Twelfth Night, III. iv.

MAY EIGHTH

When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.

King John, IV. ii.

MAY NINTH

Under a compelling occasion, let women die; it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. ii.

MAY TENTH

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; . . .
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. iv.

MAY ELEVENTH

Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.

Love's Labour's Lost, IV. iii.

MAY TWELFTH

Fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

King Henry VIII, III. ii.

MAY THIRTEENTH

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well.

Second Part King Henry IV, I. i.

MAY FOURTEENTH

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Troilus and Cressida, I. iii.

MAY FIFTEENTH

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Julius Cæsar, II. i.

MAY SIXTEENTH

The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand.

Cymbeline, II. i.

MAY SEVENTEENTH

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

Taming of the Shrew, IV. iii.

MAY EIGHTEENTH

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Macbeth, V. v.

MAY NINETEENTH

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?

Measure for Measure, II. ii.

MAY TWENTIETH

Come, lay aside your stitchery.... You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths.

Coriolanus, I. iii.

MAY TWENTY-FIRST

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.

King Henry V, I. i.

MAY TWENTY-SECOND

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

King John, III. iv.

Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

Cymbeline, IV. ii.

MAY TWENTY-THIRD

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Much Ado About Nothing, III. ii.

MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her.

King Henry VIII, IV. i.

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

King Lear, V. iii.

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment.

Merchant of Venice, II. ii.

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

As You Like It, V. iii.

MAY TWENTY-EIGHTH

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs
none.

Timon of Athens, I. ii.

MAY TWENTY-NINTH

Why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing? . . .
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.

Love's Labour's Lost, I. i.

MAY THIRTIETH

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

King Henry V, III. ii.

MAY THIRTY-FIRST

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise.

Troilus and Cressida, II. ii.

JUNE

JUNE FIRST

WHEN wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Midsummer Night's Dream, I. i.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound.

King Lear, I. ii.

JUNE SECOND

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.

Comedy of Errors, III. ii.

JUNE THIRD

Base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.

Othello, II. i.

JUNE FOURTH

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,

Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. *Julius Cæsar*, IV. ii.

JUNE FIFTH

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Romeo and Juliet, V. i.

JUNE SIXTH

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Troilus and Cressida, III. iii.

JUNE SEVENTH

Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all along shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. *Hamlet*, I. v.

JUNE EIGHTH

By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as happy as the day is long.

King John, IV. i.

JUNE NINTH

Then do we sin against our own estate
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Timon of Athens, V. i.

Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Antony and Cleopatra, III. vii.

JUNE TENTH

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Coriolanus, III. ii.

JUNE ELEVENTH

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. vii.

JUNE TWELFTH

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
The swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee.

Macbeth, I. iv.

JUNE THIRTEENTH

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

Much Ado About Nothing, III. i.

JUNE FOURTEENTH

O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute.

Twelfth Night, I. i.

JUNE FIFTEENTH

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Troilus and Cressida, V. x.

JUNE SIXTEENTH

In the book of Numbers it is writ,
When a man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. *King Henry V*, I. ii.

JUNE SEVENTEENTH

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;...
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

King Richard III, V. iii.

JUNE EIGHTEENTH

Then God forgive the sins of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

King John, II. i.

JUNE NINETEENTH

The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Merchant of Venice, V. i.

JUNE TWENTIETH

All of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none cure their harms by wailing them.

King Richard III, II. ii.

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks "'T is very late;"
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good night.

Venus and Adonis, st. 89 (ll. 529-34).

JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive.

Titus Andronicus, II. i.

JUNE TWENTY-THIRD

Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The word of Heaven: on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

Measure for Measure, I. ii.

JUNE TWENTY-FOURTH

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd.

King Henry VIII, I. ii.

JUNE TWENTY-FIFTH

It so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.

Much Ado About Nothing, IV. i.

JUNE TWENTY-SIXTH

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

King Lear, III. vi.

JUNE TWENTY-SEVENTH

What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'ld have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so: . . . each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Winter's Tale, IV. iv.

JUNE TWENTY-EIGHTH

If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Merchant of Venice, III. i.

JUNE TWENTY-NINTH

Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Merry Wives of Windsor, II. ii.

JUNE THIRTIETH

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over louring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Romeo and Juliet, II. v.

JULY

JULY FIRST

WE defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all.

Hamlet, v. ii.

JULY SECOND

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat;
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

As You Like It, II. v.

JULY THIRD

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello, III. iii.

JULY FOURTH

Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Julius Cæsar, III. i.

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright.

Second Part King Henry VI, v. i.

JULY FIFTH

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Twelfth Night, II. iii.

JULY SIXTH

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.

Measure for Measure, v. i.

JULY SEVENTH

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

King Richard III, v. iii.

JULY EIGHTH

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy if I could say how much.

Much Ado About Nothing, II. i.

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Antony and Cleopatra, I. i.

JULY NINTH

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love.

Winter's Tale, IV. iv.

JULY TENTH

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

As You Like It, II. i.

JULY ELEVENTH

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Troilus and Cressida, II. iii.

We are born to do benefits.

Timon of Athens, I. ii.

JULY TWELFTH

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night.

King John, I. i.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

All's Well That Ends Well, III. v.

JULY THIRTEENTH

Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Second Part King Henry IV, III. i.

JULY FOURTEENTH

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks.

Love's Labour's Lost, V. ii.

JULY FIFTEENTH

Firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor being provoked soon
calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free.

Troilus and Cressida, IV. v.

JULY SIXTEENTH

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure, II. ii.

JULY SEVENTEENTH

Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

Coriolanus, V. ii.

JULY EIGHTEENTH

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.

Third Part King Henry VI, II. v.

JULY NINETEENTH

I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles. *King Henry V*, II. i.

JULY TWENTIETH

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Romeo and Juliet, I. i.

JULY TWENTY-FIRST

For several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best! *The Tempest*, III. i.

JULY TWENTY-SECOND

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. *Sonnet civ.*

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. *Hamlet*, V. i.

JULY TWENTY-THIRD

This is very midsummer madness.

Twelfth Night, III. iv.

We that have good wits have much to answer for.

As You Like It, v. i.

JULY TWENTY-FOURTH

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Merchant of Venice, v. i.

JULY TWENTY-FIFTH

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. iv.

JULY TWENTY-SIXTH

My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filled with my abilities.

King Henry VIII, III. ii.

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH

Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Antony and Cleopatra, II. vii.

Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends.

First Part King Henry VI, III. ii.

JULY TWENTY-EIGHTH

The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you!

All 's Well That Ends Well, I. i.

JULY TWENTY-NINTH

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment.

First Part King Henry VI, II. iv.

JULY THIRTIETH

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so a man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

 Comedy of Errors, II. i.

God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things, 't is call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent.

King Richard III, II. ii.

AUGUST

AUGUST FIRST

WHO riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

Merchant of Venice, II. vi.

AUGUST SECOND

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Timon of Athens, III. v.

What doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?

Third Part King Henry VI, II. vi.

AUGUST THIRD

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Julius Cæsar, I. ii.

AUGUST FOURTH

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

Lucrece, st. 21 (ll. 141-7).

AUGUST FIFTH

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry.

Second Part King Henry IV, IV. v.

AUGUST SIXTH

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poets' pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Midsummer Night's Dream, V. i.

AUGUST SEVENTH

In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

Merchant of Venice, III. iv.

AUGUST EIGHTH

We know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

King Richard III, III. iv.

AUGUST NINTH

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

Twelfth Night, II. i.

When you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

Much Ado About Nothing, I. i.

AUGUST TENTH

And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
. . . . . .
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Julius Cæsar, V. i.

AUGUST ELEVENTH

Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them:
But in the less, foul profanation. . . .
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Measure for Measure, II. ii.

AUGUST TWELFTH

Here's flowers for you:
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer.

Winter's Tale, IV. iii.

AUGUST THIRTEENTH

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

Merchant of Venice, I. i.

AUGUST FOURTEENTH

Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line or order.

Troilus and Cressida, I. iii.

AUGUST FIFTEENTH

We are all men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels.

King Henry VIII, V. iii.

AUGUST SIXTEENTH

O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Julius Cæsar, II. iv.

AUGUST SEVENTEENTH

Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty . . .

Second Part King Henry VI, I. i.

Her infinite variety

Antony and Cleopatra, II. ii.

AUGUST EIGHTEENTH

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter.

Twelfth Night, III. ii.

AUGUST NINETEENTH

I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me.

Timon of Athens, I. i.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

Pericles, II. ii.

AUGUST TWENTIETH

Maids, in modesty, say "no" to that
Which they would have the profferer construe "ay."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. ii.

When no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Titus Andronicus, V. iii.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIRST

When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

King Lear, III. vi.

AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.

Troilus and Cressida, III. iii.

AUGUST TWENTY-THIRD

These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.

Romeo and Juliet, II. vi.

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop;
. . . my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up; here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

King John, III. i.

AUGUST TWENTY-FIFTH

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as mad-

men do; and the reason they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.

As You Like It, III. ii.

AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH

The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Cymbeline, III. vi.

AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
Make Holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

The Tempest, IV. i.

AUGUST TWENTY-EIGHTH

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Second Part King Henry VI, III. ii.

AUGUST TWENTY-NINTH

Withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

All's Well That Ends Well, I. i.

What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Merry Wives of Windsor, V. v.

AUGUST THIRTIETH

If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Troilus and Cressida, IV. iv.

AUGUST THIRTY-FIRST

If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'T is but the fate of place and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.

King Henry VIII, I. ii.

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER FIRST

GOLD? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No,
gods,
I am no idle votarist. . . .
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee and approbation
With senators on the bench.

Timon of Athens, IV. iii.

SEPTEMBER SECOND

The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not
perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

King Richard III, I. iii.

SEPTEMBER THIRD

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. *Merchant of Venice*, I. ii.

SEPTEMBER FOURTH

O that I were a man! . . . I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Much Ado About Nothing, IV. i.

SEPTEMBER FIFTH

She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.

Twelfth Night, II. i.

The gods make her prosperous! *Pericles*, V. i.

SEPTEMBER SIXTH

'T is certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall. *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTH

For his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance
And grew a twenty-year removed thing
While one would wink.

Twelfth Night, V. i.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTH

I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Antony and Cleopatra, II. vi.

SEPTEMBER NINTH

Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Othello, III. iii.

SEPTEMBER TENTH

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not?

Julius Cæsar, V. iii.

SEPTEMBER ELEVENTH

He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
. . . great floods have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

All 's Well That Ends Well, II. i.

SEPTEMBER TWELFTH

Yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Third Part King Henry VI, III. iii.

SEPTEMBER THIRTEENTH

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself;
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Comedy of Errors, III. ii.

SEPTEMBER FOURTEENTH

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint.

Measure for Measure, I. ii.

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH

The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus, V. iii.

SEPTEMBER SIXTEENTH

. . . The innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Macbeth, II. ii.

SEPTEMBER SEVENTEENTH

Methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

First Part King Henry IV, I. iii.

SEPTEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

The Tempest, IV. i.

SEPTEMBER NINETEENTH

How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.

Twelfth Night, II. ii.

SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

Nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Romeo and Juliet, II. iii.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Antony and Cleopatra, II. ii.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. vii.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.

First Part King Henry IV, IV. i.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.

Comedy of Errors, I. ii.

Our content
Is our best having.

King Henry VIII, II. iii.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are,
To their right praise and true perfection!

Merchant of Venice, V. i.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

There's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives;
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

Timon of Athens, I. ii.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Much Ado About Nothing, v. ii.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.

King Henry VIII, III. ii.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

Othello, I. iii.

SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH

Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:
And so far will I trust thee.

First Part King Henry IV, II. iii.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER FIRST

WHY should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning.

Hamlet, III. ii.

OCTOBER SECOND

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

All's Well That Ends Well, I. i.

OCTOBER THIRD

Cheer your heart;
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way.

Antony and Cleopatra, III. vi.

OCTOBER FOURTH

How shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

King Lear, IV. vii.

OCTOBER FIFTH

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Second Part King Henry IV, I. i.

OCTOBER SIXTH

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Cymbeline, IV. ii.

OCTOBER SEVENTH

O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

King Richard II, II. i.

OCTOBER EIGHTH

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The Tempest, IV. i.

OCTOBER NINTH

Society is no comfort
To one not sociable.

Cymbeline, IV. ii.

Society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Love's Labour's Lost, IV. vi.

OCTOBER TENTH

'Twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice.

Taming of the Shrew, I. ii.

Fellowship in woe doth woe assuage.

Lucrece, st. 113 (l. 790).

OCTOBER ELEVENTH

Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

King Henry V, I. ii.

OCTOBER TWELFTH

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

King John, II. i.

OCTOBER THIRTEENTH

It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our condition.

King Lear, IV. iii.

We cannot but obey
The powers above us.

Pericles, III. iii.

OCTOBER FOURTEENTH

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!

The Tempest, V. i.

OCTOBER FIFTEENTH

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Julius Cæsar, IV. iii.

OCTOBER SIXTEENTH

I am in love; but a team of horses shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, III. i.

OCTOBER SEVENTEENTH

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced.

Second Part King Henry IV, I. i.

OCTOBER EIGHTEENTH

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men; the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!

Troilus and Cressida, I. iii.

OCTOBER NINETEENTH

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.

King Richard III, I. i.

OCTOBER TWENTIETH

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye; never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

King Henry VIII, II. i.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIRST

You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashier'd.

Othello, I. i.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SECOND

Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust.
Our own love waking cries to see what's done.

All's Well That Ends Well, v. iii.

OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Measure for Measure, II. ii.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes.

King Henry V, II. iii.

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH

The year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors.

Winter's Tale, IV. iv.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SIXTH

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

King John, IV. ii.

OCTOBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Macbeth, III. ii.

OCTOBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.

Hamlet, III. ii.

OCTOBER TWENTY-NINTH

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,

And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

As You Like It, II. v.

OCTOBER THIRTIETH

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wings wherewith we fly to heaven.

Second Part King Henry VI, IV. vii.

There is no darkness but ignorance.

Twelfth Night, IV. ii.

OCTOBER THIRTY-FIRST

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth.

Midsummer Night's Dream, I. i.

Motley's the only wear.

As You Like It, II. vii.

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER FIRST

THE spirits of the dead
May walk again.

Winter's Tale, III. iii.

. . . Reverenc'd like a blessed saint.

First Part King Henry VI, III. iii.

NOVEMBER SECOND

This is All-Soul's day, fellow, is it not?

King Richard III, v. i.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high.

King Richard II, v. v.

NOVEMBER THIRD

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

Much Ado About Nothing, III. ii.

NOVEMBER FOURTH

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,

And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world
By their increase, now knows not which is which.

Midsummer Night's Dream, II. i.

NOVEMBER FIFTH

His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder.

Coriolanus, III. i.

NOVEMBER SIXTH

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest.

King Richard II, I. iii.

NOVEMBER SEVENTH

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Julius Cæsar, I. ii.

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-sized monster of ingratitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.

Troilus and Cressida, III. iii.

NOVEMBER NINTH

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable.

First Part King Henry IV, III. i.

NOVEMBER TENTH

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Measure for Measure, I. i.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!

Second Part King Henry VI, V. ii.

NOVEMBER TWELFTH

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Merchant of Venice, I. iii.

NOVEMBER THIRTEENTH

'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.

Timon of Athens, I. i.

NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH

Never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Midsummer Night's Dream, V. i.

NOVEMBER FIFTEENTH

When clouds appear, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

King Richard III, II. iii.

NOVEMBER SIXTEENTH

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.

The Tempest, I. ii.

NOVEMBER SEVENTEENTH

The passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.

Pericles, I. ii.

NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth.

Romeo and Juliet, II. vi.

NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

Let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Measure for Measure, V. i.

NOVEMBER TWENTIETH

'T is pity
That wishing well had not a body in 't
Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends.

All's Well That Ends Well, I. i.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'T is death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

King Richard III, II. i.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

Hail to thee, lady, and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Othello, II. i.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

King John V. i.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

Every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below; the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures
But direct villainy.

Timon of Athens, IV. iii.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

Julius Cæsar, II. i.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

His life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others.

Measure for Measure, IV. ii.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

King Richard III, V. ii.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

But you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Troilus and Cressida, III. ii.

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

Those about her
From her shall learn the perfect ways of honour.

King Henry VIII, v. v.

Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her!

Cymbeline, III. v.

NOVEMBER THIRTIETH

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

Sonnet lxxiii.

DECEMBER

DECEMBER FIRST

WOMEN will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Winter's Tale, v. i.

DECEMBER SECOND

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Second Part King Henry VI, II. iv.

DECEMBER THIRD

Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Measure for Measure, II. i.

DECEMBER FOURTH

I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake required
I should do so in honour.

Coriolanus, III. ii.

DECEMBER FIFTH

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

Macbeth, I. iii.

Such tricks hath strong imagination.

Midsummer Night's Dream, V. i.

DECEMBER SIXTH

O God! That one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! . . . O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

Second Part King Henry IV, III. i.

DECEMBER SEVENTH

The most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Winter's Tale, V. i.

To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.

First Part King Henry VI, V. iii.

DECEMBER EIGHTH

The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many.

Hamlet, III. iii.

DECEMBER NINTH

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.

Twelfth Night, III. i.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

King Richard II, v. v.

DECEMBER TENTH

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

King Henry VIII, v. i.

DECEMBER ELEVENTH

He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, I. iii.

DECEMBER TWELFTH

You may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith and will continue
The standing of his body.

Winter's Tale, I. ii.

DECEMBER THIRTEENTH

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child.

Midsummer Night's Dream, I. i.

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Julius Cæsar, II. ii.

DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away?

Cymbeline, III. iii.

DECEMBER SIXTEENTH

Your fine-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

King Richard III, I. iii.

DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH

They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one.

Troilus and Cressida, III. ii.

DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH

Anything that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue.

Twelfth Night, I. v.

DECEMBER NINETEENTH

If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We would take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King Henry VIII, I. ii.

DECEMBER TWENTIETH

Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?

Macbeth, IV. ii.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIRST

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

First Part King Henry IV, V. i.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SECOND

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

Romeo and Juliet, IV. v.

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

As You Like It, II. vii.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH

That season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, . . .
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Hamlet, I. i.

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets.

First Part King Henry IV, III. i.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

Heaven give you many, many merry days!

Merry Wives of Windsor, V. v.

Be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy.

The Tempest, II. i.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH

I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks.

Twelfth Night, III. iii.

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

First Part King Henry IV, I. ii.

DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Merchant of Venice, I. i.

DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

We have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging the loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.

King Richard III, IV. iv

DECEMBER THIRTIETH

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

First Part King Henry IV, V. ii.

And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life.

First Part King Henry VI, II. v.

God be wi' you; fare you well.

Hamlet, II. i.

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